



Q. WHERE TO FIND DEER?

Mr. A. W.

ENOCH ARDEN.



Enoch Arden

By
Lord Tennyson

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

For part of the General Introduction to this volume I am indebted to my colleague, Mr F J Rowe, whom, together with Mr. K Deighton, I wish to thank for several valuable suggestions embodied in the Notes

W T W

CONTENTS

	PAGE
GENERAL INTRODUCTION,	ix
INTRODUCTION TO ENOCH ARDEN,	xlix
ENOCH ARDEN,	1
NOTES,	29
INDEX TO THE NOTES,	57

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

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Biography I Tennyson the man 1 His sense of Law shown in his conceptions of (a) Nature, (b) Freedom, (c) Love, (d) Scenery 2. His nobility of thought, and his religion 3. His simplicity of emotion II Tennyson the Poet 1 As Representative of his Age 2. As Artist (a) His observation, (b) His scholarship, (c) His expressiveness, (d) His similes, (e) His avoidance of the commonplace, (f) His repetition and assonance, (g) His harmony of rhythm, (h) His melody of diction His dramatic works Conclusion

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born on August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems

When he was seven years old he was sent to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers* In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold

medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian), whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems*, chiefly *Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon* and *Becket* (1884), and *The Foresters* (1892). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. In 1884 he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6th, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Browning.

I Tennyson
the man

I Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers, and the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English-speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief

survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the matter and the form of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson *the man*. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

1 Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion.

(a) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam*

I curse not nature, no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found

God is law, say the wise, O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yot His voice

(b) Freedom,

(b) Allied to this faith that the universe is "roll'd round by one first law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined order in the various spheres of human action. In his teaching on social and political questions, his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed, but, above all, without haste. His ideal Freedom is "sober-suited", it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour, he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine" (alluding to the excesses of the French revolutionaries), the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty. They "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "expecting all things in an hour", for with him "raw Haste" is but "half sister to Delay". So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic. He has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom".—

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known
to all,
Step by step we rose to greatness—thro' the tonguesters we
may fall

(c) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, (c) Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love, in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in any sensuous detail. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life: true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of Reverence for womanhood and one's higher self, and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and the inspiration of his noblest deeds. Examples of this treatment may be seen in *The Miller's Daughter*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, and *Guinevere*, and it underlies the moral lessons inculcated in *The Princess*.

(d) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illustrated in his treatment of natural scenery. It is true that he sometimes gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in

the monstrous ledges slope and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "haunts of ancient peace," with "platted alleys" and "terrace lawn," "long, gray fields," "tracts of pasture sunny-warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life

(2) His nobility of thought, and his religion.

2 A second great element of Tennyson's character is its noble tone. This is present in every poem he has ever written. His verse is informed with the very spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence for all that is pure and true. This is the spirit that animates the famous passage in *Enone*

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It is illustrated on its negative side in *The Palace of Art*, it breathes through his noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and it pervades and inspires his picture of King Arthur in the *Idylls of the King*.

Tennyson's religious faith is sufficiently indicated in his writings. At the root of his poetry (as Mr Stopford Brooke has remarked) lie "the ever-working immanence of God in man, the brotherhood of the human race, and its evolution into perfect love and righteousness, the continuance of each man's personal consciousness in the life to be, the vitality of the present—man alive and Nature alive, and alive with the life of God."

(2) His simplicity of emotion.

3 Another main characteristic of Tennyson is simplicity. The emotions that he appeals to are generally easy to understand and common to all. He avoids the subtle analysis of character, and the painting of complex motives or of the wild excess of passion. The moral laws which he so strongly upholds are those primary sanctions upon which average English society is founded.

A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work.

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built

II Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist.

1 In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour, but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and

II Tennyson
the Poet

(1) As Representative of
his Age,

condemns a spirit of æstheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men while in *St Simcon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, over-shadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realization

That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil cöoperant to an end.

Maud is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which ended at the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole god" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic ren

dering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur*¹. Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time.

✓2 But if Tennyson's popularity is based upon a (2) As Artist correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an Artist. Among the elements of this power may be mentioned (a) a minute observation of Nature, which furnishes him with a store of poetic description and imagery, (b) a scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past, (c) an exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases, (d) the picturesqueness and the aptness of his similes, (e) an avoidance of the commonplace, (f) his use of repetition and of assonance, (g) the expressive harmonies of his rhythm, and (h) the subtle melody of his diction.

(a) For minute observation and vivid painting of the details of natural scenery² Tennyson is without a rival. (a) His observation,
We feel that he has seen all that he describes. This may be illustrated by a few examples of his tree-studies

hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides three fold to show the fruit within

(The Brook)

¹ Macmillan and Co

those eyes
 Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
 More black than ashbuds in the front of March
(The Gardener's Daughter)

With blasts that blow the poplar white
(In Memoriam)

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
(Maud)

a stump of oak half dead,
 From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
 Clutch'd at the crag *(The Last Tournament)*

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in
 "perky lurches," "dry tonqu'd laurels," "high-elbow'd
 grigs," "pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores," "labur-
 num, dropping wells of fire"

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific pheno-
 mena

Before the little ducts began
 To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
 Their course till thou wert also man
(The Two Voices)

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
 Sleeps on his luminous ring
(The Palace of Art)

This accurate realization of natural or scientific facts
 is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of
 moral truths or of emotions of the mind

Break, thou deep vase of churning tears
 That grief has shaken into frost
(In Memoriam)

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke
 That like a broken purpose waste in air
(The Princess)

Prayer, from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea

(*Enoch Arden*)

(b) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land ^{(b) His scholarship,} may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful. Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume. There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo
(*In Memoriam*)

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power. Similarly in

Proxy wedded with a bootless calf
(*The Princess*)

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his long riding boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed.

(c) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power ^{(c) His expressiveness,} of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were,

an exact picture What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples "*creamy spray*", "*lily maid*", "*the ripple washing in the reeds*" and "*the wild water lapping on the crag*", "*the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd the flat red granite*", "*as the fiery Sirius bickers into red and emerald*", "*women blow'd with health and wind and rain*"

(d) Mr G C Macaulay (Introduction to *Gareth and Lynette*) has remarked upon the picturesqueness, the elaborate aptness, and the individual and personal character of Tennyson's similes Of their picturesque aptness two examples will be sufficient here

The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea

(*Morte d'Arthur*)

Dust are our frames, and, gilded dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and sound,
Like that long-buried body of the king,
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
Slept into ashes, and was found no more

(*Aylmer's Field*)

As regards their individual and personal character, Tennyson's similes in many cases "do not so much

appeal to common experience, as bring before us some special thing or some peculiar aspect of nature, which the poet has vividly present to his own mind, while to the reader perhaps the picture suggested may be quite unfamiliar" As examples we may take the following

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing

(*Enoch Arden*)

So, in *Geraint and Enid*, when the bandit falls transfixed by Geraint's lance, Tennyson writes

As he that tells the tale
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
That had a sapling growing on it, slide
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew

A remarkable instance of this individuality occurs in *Gareth and Lynette*

Gareth lookt and read—
In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag carven o'er the streaming Gelt —

the Gelt being a small stream in Cumberland, not named in any of the ordinary gazetteers or atlases, and the reference is to an inscription on a lime-stone rock near this stream, carved by the Second Legion of Augustus, stationed there in A.D. 207

(c) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace he not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often, where other writers would use

(c) His avoidance of the commonplace.

some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Walking to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs*, in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*), for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig". Other examples might be quoted, e.g., *lurdane*, *rathe*, *plash*, *biewis*, *thrall'd*, *boles*, *quitch*, *reckling*, *roky*, *yaffingale*. Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *longuester*, *selfless*. This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution: thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star", and, in the same poem, the blue smoke rising from household chimneys is described by "azure pillars of the hearth"—an expression which Mr P. M. Wallace, in his edition of *The Princess*, aptly calls "almost reverent", icebergs are "moving isles of winter", while to picture the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes

Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave

(f) His repetition and
assonance,

(f) One of the leading characteristics of Tennyson's style is the repetition of a word (often in a modified

form) in the same or sometimes in a slightly different sense We have, for instance

Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own *gai ruly garrulously*

(*Guinevere*)

and in the same poem,

The *maiden* passion for a *maid*,

to which we may add

For ever *climbing* up the *climbing* wave

(*The Lotos Eaters*)

Mouldering with the dull earth's *mouldering* sod

(*The Palace of Art*)

Assonance—the repetition not of a word but of a sound—is also a favourite device with Tennyson for giving a kind of epigrammatic force to a statement, as in

Even to *tipmost* lance and *tipmost* helm

(*The Last Tournament*)

Thy Paynim bard

Had such a *mastery* of his *mystery*

That he could harp his wife up out of hell

(*Id*)

Then with that *friendly fiendly* smile of his

(*Harold*)

(g) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification While less powerful than Milton's at its best, Tennyson's blank verse always remains at a high level of excellence, and its simple grandeur of style and expression is peculiarly his own It is in his

(g) His harmony of rhythm,

lyrical poems, however, that his mastery of metre and rhythm best shows itself. He knows all the secrets of harmonious measures and melodious diction, he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metro are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms. Thus

(1) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative—an effect often employed by Homer

his arms
Clash'd and the sound was good to Gareth's ear
(Gareth and Lynette)

Charm'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
(Ib)

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive
(Lancelot and Elaine)

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'
(Pelleas and Elarre)

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf
(Ib)

Fall, as the crest of some slow arching wave
Drops flat *(The Last Tournament)*

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off

made his horse
Caracole then bowed his homage, bluntly saying
(Ib)

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying and in the stream beneath him shone
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

(2) Action rapidly repeated is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the huddling flow of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn
(*The Princess*)

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea
(*Enoch Arden*)

The rapid warble of song-birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid air
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

and in the same *Idyll*, the quick beat of a horse's hoof is echoed in

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof

(3) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas
(*The Brook*)

The league long roller thundering on the reef
(*Enoch Arden*)

(4) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of on the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating
(*Lancelot and Elaine*)

(h) His melody
of diction.

(h) Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees
(*The Princess*)

The lustre of the long convolvuluses
(*Enoch Arden*)

The long low dune and lazy plunging sea
(*The Last Tournament*)

Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood
(*Pelleas and Etarre*)

All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
(*The Lotos Eaters*)

Contrast with the liquid sounds in the above the representative effect produced by the short, sharp vowels and the guttural and dental sounds in

And on the *spl*ike that *spl*it the mother's heart
*Spl*itting the child
(*The Coming of Arthur*)

The blade flew
*Spl*intering in *siz*, and *clink*t upon the stones
(*Balin and Balan*)

Then *spl*uttering thro' the *hedg*e of *spl*inter'd teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with *blunt stump*
Pitch *black*en'd sawing the air
(*The Last Tournament*)

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous.—
*breaker-beaten, flesh-fall'n, gloomy-gladed, lady-laden, mock-
 meek, point-painted, rain-rotten, storm-strengthen'd, tongue-
 torn, work-wan* We also find *slowly mellowing, hollower-
 bellowing, eer-veering, heavy-shotted hammock shroud*
 Often, as Mr G C Macaulay has noticed, Tenny-
 son's alliteration is so delicate that we "only feel that
 it is there without perceiving where it is," and it is
 then, perhaps, due to no conscious effort of the poet,
 but is as natural as the melody of a bird. In no
 English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Virgil, is
 this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in
 Tennyson

Tennyson's three historical dramas form (as Mr. His Dramatic Works,
 Henry Van Dyke has pointed out) a picture of the
 Making of England, the three periods of action
 being, it would seem, chosen with the design of
 touching the most critical points of the long struggle
 Thus in *Harold* we see "the close of that fierce
 triangular duel between the Saxons, the Danes,
 and the Normans, which resulted in the Norman
 conquest and the binding of England, still Saxon
 at heart, to the civilization of the Continent."
 In *Becket* we have "the conflict between the church
 and the crown, between the ecclesiastical and the
 royal prerogatives, which shook England to the centre
 for many years, and out of which her present con-
 stitution has grown" In *Queen Mary*, when the triumph
 of church and people had left undecided what type
 of religion was to prevail, is pictured the struggle
 between the Papacy and the Reformation for the pos-
 session of England All three plays are full of deep

research, vivid character painting, and intensity of feeling, and contain many magnificent situations. George Eliot has expressed her opinion that "Tennyson's plays run Shakspeare's close," and Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the bones of the Saints of Normandy, in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene, while Mr J R Green, the historian, has told us that "all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's *Becket*." It should at the same time be remembered that (as the poet himself avows) this drama is "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of the modern theatre," a criticism which may be applied with more or less force to the whole trilogy. *Becket* has been adapted for the stage by Mr Irving, and performed with great success, and *The Cup* and *The Falcon* were each played during a London season to full houses. *Queen Mary*, *The Promise of May*, and *The Foresters* have also been acted.

Conclusion

✓ Such is Tennyson as man and as artist. His poetry, with its clearness of conception and noble simplicity of expression, its discernment of the beautiful and its power of revealing and shaping it with mingled strength and harmony, has become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever.

INTRODUCTION TO ENOCH ARDEN

THIS poem, first published in 1864, is a true idyl ^{A true idyl.} It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows, not aspiring to the dimensions or the pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits, but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. It fulfils all the conditions of the modern idyl which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be brief and compact.

Enoch Arden may be classed as among the best of the poet's works. Taking all its merits into consideration, probably no other of his poems can reach above it. It has length enough to show sustained effort, the story is dramatic, and told with a simple and complete effect, and the parts are, first of all, in perfect subordination to the whole and to one another, secondly, are beautiful in themselves.¹ The poem is remarkable for the uniform beauty of thought and expression that marks it throughout. Dealing, as it often does, with common-place events and topics, it invests them with a loveliness and a pathos which reveals the highest taste and the truest art. At

Character
istics

¹ *The Quarterly Review* (Jan 1866)

the same time the poet preserves the strictest fidelity to nature, both in the scenes that he depicts and in the feelings and emotions that he ascribes to his characters. We have here a simplicity that is at times almost severe, combined with the utmost clearness of diction and the richest melody of versification. Dr Bayne writes "In *Enoch Arden*, Tennyson deals with a subject which might have had charms for Crabbe, but Crabbe would have loaded the shadows too much, in Tennyson's handling the poem is sad but not painful. The hero, *Enoch Arden*, is beyond rivalry the principal personage in the tale, and his heroism is at once of the loftiest and simplest order. He is an unlucky man but invincible, his brain is ordinary, morally he is sublime. His duty, however hard it may be, is always clear to him, and, without any consciousness that he is acting heroically, he always proves equal to it. Harder duty, however, has seldom fallen to any man than his. He had never accused God, he had never unjustly upbraided man, in the long roll of Christian heroes there is not inscribed a truer hero than *Enoch Arden*."¹

Story of the
Poem

The story of the poem is briefly this² — *Enoch Arden*, a rough sailor's lad, Philip Ray, the miller's only son, and pretty Annie Lee, played together as children on the beach of a small seaport town. *Enoch* and Philip both love Annie, and the three play at keeping house in a cave which runs in below the cliff. She, though willing enough, as a child, to be "little wife to both," at heart loved *Enoch* best. He was at first successful, prospered in his fishing, made himself able seaman on board a merchantman, and before he was twenty-one,

¹ *Lessons from my Masters*

² Adapted from Bayne

purchased a boat and married Annie. First a daughter, then a son, were born to them, and all things continued to go well with Enoch until he fell from a mast and broke a limb. While he lay recovering, another son, a sickly one, was born. Meanwhile, some one stepped in and snatched away his trade, and he feared bad times were coming upon himself and his family. Then the master of the ship in which he had served, hearing of his misfortune, offered to take him as boatswain, and Enoch consented at once. He resolved to sell his boat, set his wife up in a little shop, and go on a long voyage. Annie disliked the scheme, was sure evil would come of it, and entreated him not to go, but in vain. Before he went he kissed the two elder children. The sickly one, asleep in his cot, he would not waken, but took away with him a little curl from the baby's head. The sickly child died. Annie had no success in trade, and but for the delicately tendered help of Philip Ray, would have sunk into poverty. When ten years had gone by and nothing had been heard of Enoch, Philip asked her to marry him. In the twelfth year she became his wife. Enoch, meanwhile, had been wrecked upon a tropic island. There, year after year, with bounteous supply of all his animal wants, but infinite hunger of heart, he remained. The sights and sounds of his home haunted him, and once the merry "pealing of his parish bells" seemed to come to his ears from far away. At length a ship took him off and he returned to England. So completely was he changed that it was easy for him to live in the same town with Annie and Philip without being discovered. In the darkness he went and looked in at the window, and saw his wife and children in perfect comfort round Philip's hearth. After this peep

into the domestic heaven which he had lost, he crept from the garden, and falling prone upon the down, prayed for strength "not to tell her, never to let her know" He had now a new purpose in life, and with heroic fortitude set himself to carry it out But he did not live long When he knew death to be at hand, he told the woman with whom he had lodged, under promise on the Bible of secrecy until after his death, who he was, and bade her give Annie the lock of his dead child's hair by which she might know that it had indeed been he, and to tell her that he died blessing her and his children and Philip Then he passed away, and received rich burial from the love and gratitude of the survivors

Four crises in
the tale.

✓ There are four crises in the tale The first crisis is the marriage of Enoch and Annie, consequent upon the scene where Philip sees them "sitting hand in hand" and retires heart-broken The second crisis is the departure of Enoch to sea, in spite of his wife's pleading and presentiment of misfortune The third crisis is the marriage of Philip and Annie, with much anxiety and extreme hesitation on her part The fourth crisis is the return of Enoch to his native village, with the shattering of his hopes, followed by his self-denying resolve ¹

Four features.

Four other features that characterise this poem deserve the attention of the reader —

(1) Unity of
Tone

✓ *The unity of tone and feeling* The nine opening lines are made, with fine craft, to serve the unity of the piece Out of the chord thus struck every future change will flow Ever in our minds will be the

¹ *The Westminster Review* (Oct. 1864)

sea and its power. There will be also the church with its giving in marriage, and its gathering of the dead together in hope, and there again the mill, and high in heaven behind the gray and breezy down, which with the sea gave strength and breadth to the hearts of those who lived upon them, and whose hazel-wood, in its enphke hollow, resounded to their childish mirth, and was the kindly shelter of the passions of their stronger years. Again, there is the dramatic unity which the author gains by contrast of his characters. He has kept his canvas free from all the accidental personages who would have broken up the leading masses of his groups. With a statuesque beauty, Anne, the third, forms a link which binds in opposition Enoch and Philip, two characters of finely contrasted temper, which contrast is marvellously worked out as each passes into the fortune of the other. Enoch, early thrown upon his own resources, intense in feeling, resolute to execute his purposes; Philip, well to do, not driven to energy by want, beginning life in gentle care for others, losing his holiday in mitting-time—his father being sick and needing him—and yielding still a higher sacrifice of all his hope in love: Enoch, brought then to live as Philip did, left of his love and bound to inactivity, and lastly yielding all in a noble self-repulse, which only a nature so intense as his could have achieved; Philip, meanwhile drawn slowly into action by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve. With Philip's sacrifice the scenes begin, with Enoch's sacrifice they end.¹

¹ *Quarterly Review*.

(2) Reserve

2 *The reserve and concentration* that characterise the narrative. The poet indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension, he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. There is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative. This absence of maudlin sensibility is specially noticeable in the last scenes of the poem. They are very pathetic, and they are never foolishly sentimental. The way in which Enoch is stunned by the news of his wife's second marriage, his longing to see her, and assure himself that she is happy, the picture of peace and comfort *within* Philip's house, which throws into stronger relief the anguish of the wretched husband and father as he stands *without*, Enoch's grand (if not strictly just) self-sacrifice, as, recovering from the shock of *seeing* what only to *hear* of had been woe sufficient, he repeats his resolution to himself, 'Not to tell *her*, never to let her know' all these things in the hands of a French writer of the sentimental type would have been morbidly painful. Tennyson so tells them that they elevate our minds by the sight of a spirit refining to its highest perfection in the purgatorial fires of earth.¹

(?) Absence of
wrong-doing

3 *The entire absence of wrong-doing* on the part of the personages of the story. They cannot even be reasonably convicted of error, and it is remarkable how careful the poet is throughout to represent their conduct as unexceptionable, while perfectly simple and natural. No sympathy is demanded of the reader for Enoch on the ground of his having been wronged in any way.

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*

Every one acts for the best, and with the utmost care and forbearance. The disastrous result of Enoch's departure could not be foreseen, the chances were that he would succeed. Anne's failure at shop-keeping is explained rather to her credit than otherwise. The sickly child dies, but not without being "cared for with all a mother's care." Philip's advances to Anne are made with the greatest delicacy and with the tenderest consideration for her feelings, and are prompted, partly at any rate, by an unselfish desire to help her and her family in their need. Annie's consent to the marriage is won only after long hesitation and many scruples, and when every available plea for delay is exhausted. The representation of human beings as puppets in the hands of Fate and Circumstance was a favourite subject with the old Greek dramatists; but there is always a substratum of error, or even guilt, in their heroes for Fate to work upon. "Here everybody does their duty, everybody acts even wisely and nobly, and yet, such are the conditions of our complex and incalculable circumstances in this world, that the fruit is heartbroken misery and disappointment, and the curtain falls on a vision of all that is unutterably sad and hopelessly desolate."¹ It will be remarked how greatly the pathos of the narrative is heightened by this treatment of his characters by the author.

4 *The religious and superstitious element.* A critic² has pointed out the skill and judgment that Tennyson has shown in giving intensity and sinew to the passion of his tale by the slight taint of a Puritan

¹ *Westminster Review*

² *Quarterly Review*

(4) The religious element.

faith. A certain element of moral grandeur has thus been given to the story, which would otherwise have been wanting. The scene of the poem's action is laid in a secluded fishing port, where a stern creed had grown up under the changeful northern sky and then mysterious perils of the sea, and where the traditional superstitions of a sailor life were woven in with an intense and living belief handed down from a Puritan ancestry. The occasional use of supernatural means, such as Annie's dream, so falls evenly upon the reader's mind, and certain superstitious observances are justified. The slight and unobtrusive infusion in the story of the supernatural adds dignity to its humble hero's fate. "In a poem like *Enoch Arden*, it would be an unpardonable error to give foreshadowings of the future anything like the place held by the words of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. Lord Tennyson has been so far from committing this mistake that he scarcely calls the reader's attention to his prophecies, and not at all to their accomplishment."¹ These prophecies occur in the form of unconscious predictions in lines 36, 193, and 212, in the form of presentiments in lines 175 and 510, etc., and in the form of a dream in lines 496-502.² "Now these foreshadowings of the future³ may be believed or disbelieved at pleasure, but their ancient credit still survives to some extent, and even now few comparatively attach no weight whatever to dreams and presentiments. Especially would such a woman as Annie think her own of importance. We may be sure that,

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*.

² See the notes to all these passages.

³ Compare the introduction of the "sign" in the Conclusion to *Locksley Hall*.

after she knew the truth, she would often dwell on their mysterious meaning, and on how she had failed to apprehend it until too late. And thus these judicious touches of the supernatural make the tale in which they occur seem additionally *natural* and lifelike." ¹

¹ *Blackwood's Magazine*

ENOCH ARDEN

Love lues of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands,
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster, then a moulder'd church, and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill,
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows, and a hazelwood,
By autumn flutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
Three children of three houses, Anne Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn,
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away

ENOCK ARDEN

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff
In this the children play'd at keeping house
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress, but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week
'This is my house and this my little wife'
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about
When, if they quarrell'd Enoch stronger-made 30
Was master then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl, and Enoch spoke his love, 40
But Philip loved in silence, and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him,
But she loved Enoch, tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor, and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down streaming sers
And all men look'd upon him favourably
And ere he touch'd his one and twentieth May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Anne, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street, that clamber'd toward the mill 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind, but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Anne, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather beaten face 70
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom,
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood,
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil,
With children, first a daughter In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers, a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitude, 90

ENOCH ARDEN

While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward, for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-jewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's nunistering 100

Then came a change, as all things human change
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea,
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slpt and fell
A limb was broken when they lifted him,
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one
Another-hand crept too across his trade, 110
Taking her bread and thens and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar then he pray'd
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswan Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port Would Enoch have the place?

And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
And isles a light in the offing yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans,
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms,
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will

Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd 160
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go
 He not for his own self caring but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain,
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'

For Enoch parted with his old sea friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting room 170
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death scaffold rising, shrill'd and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused, and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man in God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him and then he said
 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,

For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly, little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him, as the village girl,
Who sets her picher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise, 210
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go 220
And fear no more for me, or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God, that anchor holds
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these

Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His He made it'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones,
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness, 230
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not, let him sleep, how should the child
Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Anne from her baby's forehead chipt
A tiny curl, and gave it this he kept
Thro' all his future, but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye, 240
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous,
She saw him not and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him,
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, 250
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it, and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came,
Gan'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly born and grew 260
Yet sicker, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a hungering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away

In that same week when Annie buried it, 270
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort,' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd, but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one, 280
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you'

He spoke, the passion in her moan'd reply
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!' half abash'd him, yet unmask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her

‘I came to speak to you of what he wish’d, 290
Enoch, your husband I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will’d, and bore it thro’
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours that was his wish
And if he come again, vext will he be 300
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do 310
Now let me put the boy and girl to school
This is the favour that I came to ask’

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer’d ‘I cannot look you in the face,
I seem so foolish and so broken down
When you came in my sorrow broke me down
And now I think your kindness breaks me down,
But Enoch lives, that is borne in on me
He will repay you money can be repaid,
Not kindness such as yours.’

And Philip ask’d 320
‘Then you will let me, Annie?’

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond
So lifted up in spirit he moved away

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
(Like one who does his duty by his own, 330
Made himself theirs, and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or comes from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste 340

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind
Scarce could the woman, when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with
But Philip was her children's all-in-all,
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily,
Lords of his house and of his mill were they,
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him 350
And call'd him Father Philip Philip gam'd
As Enoch lost, for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,

Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Anne's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood, 360
 And Annie would go with them, then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too
 Him, like the working bee in blossom dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found, and saying to him
 'Come with us, Father Philip' he denied,
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them? and they went

But after sealing half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began 370
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her, and sighing, 'Let me rest' she said
 So Philip rested with her well-content,
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow at last he said,
 Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood

Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word
 'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her hands,
 At which, as with a kind of angel in him,
 'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost! 390
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?'. And Annie said
 'I thought not of it but—I know not why—
 Their voices make me feel so solitary'

Then Philip, coming somewhat closer spoke
 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there
 I know that it will out at last O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance, 400
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living, well then—let me speak
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know.
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children I do think
 They love me as a father I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own, 410
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years,
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of his creatures. Think upon it
 For I am well to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know'

Then answer'd Annie, tenderly she spoke
 'You have been as God's good angel in our house 420

God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?
 'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved
 A little after Enoch' 'O' she cried,
 Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year
 O wait a little' Philip sadly said
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
 'I am bound you have my promise—in a year
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year'

430

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead,
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him through the wood
 Up came the children laden with their spoil,
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

440

She spoke, and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,

450

Claiming her promise 'Is it a year?' she ask'd
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again
 Come out and see' But she—she put him off—
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes 460
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 'Take your own time, Anne, take your own time
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him,
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half-another year had slipt away

By this, the lazy gossips of the port, 470
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong
 Some thought that Philip did but tifle with her,
 Some that she but held off to draw him on,
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds,
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish,
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her 480
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty,
 And Philip's icy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan, and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
 Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'

Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 190
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 'Under the palm-tree' That was nothing to her -
 No meaning there she closed the Book and slept
 When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
 Under a palm tree, over him the Sun
 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms 500
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried
 "Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 'There is no reason why we should not wed'
 'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path, 510
 She knew not whence, a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what, nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter Philip thought he knew
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart, 520
 Then her good Philip was her all-in all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died

And where was Enoch? prosperously sailed
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvest
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again, 530
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes

Less lucky her home-voyage at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce rocking, her full busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows 540
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
 Then bafling, a long course of them, and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
 The crash of run, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others Half the night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea

No want was there of human sustenance, 550
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots,
 Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck, 560
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem,
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing thus in Indian fashion, fell
Sun stricken, and that other lived alone
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes, 570
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw, but what he had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl,
The league long roller thundering on the reef, 580
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices,

The blaze upon the waters to the east , 590
 The blaze upon his island overhead ,
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ,
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, ⁱ
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself
 Moved haunting people, things and places, known 600
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line ,
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mull the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming dawns,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas

✓ Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away— 610
 He heard the peeling of his parish bells ,
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
 Spoken with That, which being everywhere
 Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude

Thus over Enoch's early silvering head
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
 Year after year His hopes to see his own, 620
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom

Came suddenly to an end Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Late the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hulls,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away 630
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamour Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran,
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue 640
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand,
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home,
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him None of these
 Came from his country, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know 650
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy, but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He lay a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadows morning breath
 Of England blown across her ghostly wall
 And that same morning officers and men

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely 'man, and gave him it 660
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill, till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either heaven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray,
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right 670
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage
 On the high naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom,
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home 680
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born,
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
 Seeing a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber crust antiquity,
 So propt, worm eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone, but he was gone 690

Who kept it, and his widow Miriam Lane,
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house,
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him, with other runals of the port
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd
 So broken—all the story of his house. 700
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion any one,
 Regarding well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller only when she closed
 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically, 710
 Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost,'
 Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again,
 'If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy' So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight to the hill
 There he sat down gazing on all below,
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him, 720
 Unspeakable for sadness By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him as the beacon blaze allures

The bud of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward, but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd 730
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew, and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw 740
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees,
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd,
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe, 750
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him for he smiled

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,— 760
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, 770
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd

'Too hard to bear' why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness 780
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know
 Help me not to break in upon her peace
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself
 Never No father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced, but when he rose and paced

Back toward his solitary home again, 790
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know'

He was not all unhappy His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife' 800
 He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort,' and he thought
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought 810
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stunted commerce of those days,
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live, and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually 820
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully
 For sure no gladder does the stranded wreck

See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone, 830
 Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead'
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round'
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her, 840
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
 'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street,
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her,
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him
 I think I have not three days more to live,
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half hysterical cry
 'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot 850
 Higher than you be' Enoch said again
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am,
 My grief and solitude have broken me,
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
 I married her who married Philip Ray
 Sit, listen' Then he to'd her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

And how he kept it As the woman heard 860
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes,
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
 Saying only 'See your bairns before you go!
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last, 870
 But let me hold my purpose till I die
 Sit down again, mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her,
 Save for the bar between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her 880
 And tell my son that I died blessing him
 And say to Philip that I blest him too,
 He never meant us any thing but good
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father, but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life
 And now there is but one of all my blood
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be
 This hair is his she cut it off and gave it, 890
 And I have borne it with me all these years
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave,
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss wherefore when I am gone,

Take, give her this, for it may comfort her
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he'

He ceased, and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Reporting all he wish'd, and once again 900
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved,' and so fell back and spoke no more

So past the strong heroic soul away
And when they buried him the little port 910
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral

NOTES

1 **breaking** Note how the trochee (*brēaking*) here causes a break in the rhythm, the sound echoing the sense. There was a gap or opening in the cliff, forming a chasm or gorge down which a small river ran to the sea. For the *motif* or intention of the nine opening lines, see Introduction, p. xviii.

3 **red roofs**, roofs formed of red tiles (instead of the modern slate). *Red roofs* = red roofed houses.

4 **moulder'd**, decayed, dilapidated. *Mould* is crumbling soil, from a root *mal*, to bruise. **higher**, further up, an adverb.

5 **climbs**, leads upwards. **tall tower'd**, provided with a lofty tower to support the mill sails. See l. 340 and note.

6 **high in heaven**, so high above it as to seem almost up in the sky. **down**, a sand hill, covered with coarse grass, which gives it a grey appearance.

7 **Danish barrows**, earth mounds marking the burial places of the old Danish invaders of England. Barrow burial was practised from a period of unknown antiquity down to about the 8th century. Cf. *Iithonus*, 71. "grassy barrows of the happier dead."

8 **autumn nutters**, gatherers of nuts in the autumn, when they are ripe. **haunted**, frequented.

10 **ago** (short for *agone*) is the perfect participle of an old verb, *agon*, to go away. **years** is to be parsed as adverbial objective case denoting point of time.

11 **of three houses**, belonging to three different families.

15 **Made shipwreck**. His father had perished through being shipwrecked in a winter's storm, and so Enoch was left an orphan.

16 **waste and lumber**, leavings and bulky objects. *Lumber* is old furniture (or heavy, useless things), probably so called from the noise it makes when removed. There seems to be no evidence to support Trench's derivation of *lumber* from *Lombard*. Bayne

says of lines 16 18 "The literal accuracy of these lines is almost comical Go to Deal, and you will see precisely such a shore" The *Quarterly Review* remarks "The clear drawing of the objects on the shore, where those three children played, fixes them in the reader's mind during all the after scenes, as the old familiar things of childish years live onward in our memories."

17 swarthy Fishermen's nets are of a dark colour through the action of the sea water upon them

18 Anchors of rusty fluke, rusty fluked anchors The *fluke* (Low Germ *flunk*, a wing) is the part of the anchor that fastens in the ground updrawn, 'hauled up on the beach,' as fisher men's boats are when not in use

21 breaker, wave breaking on the beach A roller (l 580) is a long, swelling ocean wave of a great height

23 ran in, formed a hollow

24 keeping house, being householders, cf l 140 and note

25 host, master of the house This *host* is from Lat. *hospitem*, accusative of *hospes*, an entertainer of guests, *host*, an army, is from Lat *hostem*, accusative of *hostis*, an enemy, *host*, the consecrated wafer, is from Lat *hostia*, a victim

26 still, always, on each occasion

28 'This is wife' These words are said by Enoch

29 'turn and turn about,' each taking his turn in succession Of the similar phrase, "share and share alike"

30 stronger made, more strongly built

32 helpless wrath of tears Not having the strength to contend with Enoch, his anger found vent in tears

✓ 34 for company, out of a feeling of companionship or sympathy with him

36 little wife to both. Note the unconscious prophecy here Her childish words come true, and she becomes indeed wife to both Cf notes to ll 193, 212, and see Introduction, p xxxii Compare with this the Irony of Sophocles, which consists in the contrast that the spectator, who knows the plot of the play, is enabled to draw between the real state of the case and the conceptions supposed to be entertained by the person represented on the stage

38, 39 the new warmth either, when they were both grown older, and consequently had stronger feelings and affections The period of childhood is compared to the dawn, the period of young manhood to the time when the sun is higher in the heavens heart = affections

42 Seem'd kinder etc A natural touch The secret consciousness of her love for Enoch made her outwardly kinder to Philip

44, 45 set before his eyes, kept in prospect

45-47 A purpose To hoard To purchase, i.e. his purpose was to hoard etc., in order to purchase

46 to the uttermost, to the greatest possible extent In *uttermost*, *utter* is the same word as *outer*, and *most* is the double superlative suffix *most*, and not the superlative of *much*

✓ 50 did not breathe, did not live, was not to be found. So Scott, *Lay*, vi, 1, "Breathes there the man with soul so dead?"

51 breaker-beaten. Observe the alliteration, so common in Tennyson's compound epithets, as 'passion pale,' 'tenderest-touching,' 'love languid' Cf 'rough reddened,' l 95, and 'hollower bellowing,' l 594. See General Introduction, p xxii

54 full sailor, an 'able seaman,' which is a technical maritime phrase, often shortened into 'A B' = able bodied (seaman) pluck'd a life, rescued a person from being drowned

55 down streaming seas, retreating breakers that stream down the beach An admirably expressive line, see General Introduction, p xviii (c)

57 touch'd, reached, i.e. before he was 21 years old May, a Spring month, is chosen to represent the year, because a *young* man is spoken of Similarly we say "a boy of fifteen *summers*," but "an old man of eighty *winters*"

58, 59 He purchased Annie Observe the Homeric repetition of this passage from line 47, and cf lines 46 and 86, 106, 120, and 128, 138, 169, and 171, 187 and 204, 67 and 370 Similar repetitions occur in *Dora*, see note to line 106 of that poem in "Selections from Tennyson" ¹ neat and nestlike Note the alliteration For *nestlike* (= snug), cf *Aylmer's Field*, l 150 "Each (home) a nest in bloom"

63 great and small These epithets of course belong to *people*

64 the hazels, the hazel wood

65 His father lying needing An instance of the absolute construction — 'since his father lay sick and needed him' See Introduction, p xxx

67 prone, sloping downwards, see note to l 775

68 To feather hollow, where the edge of the wood, as it began to slope to the hollow, showed ragged and thin (like a fringe to a thick cloth) The small bushes, etc., look like the irregular line of feathers in a wing See ll 79, and cf l 540, and *The Gardener's Daughter*, l 46

"And all about the large lime feathers low"

84 With children, accompanied by the birth of children

87 bringing up, education Observe the poet's preference for the simple Saxon term

✓ 90 The rosy solitudes, the rosy checked darling of his mother at the times when she was left alone

93 ocean-spoil osier, fish in baskets that smelt of sea water
Ower is the water willow, from withes of which the baskets were made

95 Rough redden'd, made rough and red See note to l 51

96 to the market-cross, as far as the market place of the town Market or town crosses occupied the centre of the market-place, and were originally stands from which the ecclesiastics preached They were generally of stone, but sometimes of wood

98 the portal warding lion-whelp, the figure of a young lion that surmounted the stone work of the gate way The meaning is that Enoch used to drive his fish-cart as far as the gates of the Hall or mansion of the squire Cf *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, ll 23, 24

"The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I "

And *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, l 213

"Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion guarded gate "

99 peacock-yewtree, yewtree clipped into the shape of a peacock The yew, like the boxtree, a slow growing evergreen, lends itself to this garden sculpture, which is still practised in some old-fashioned gardens Larousse (in his *Dict. Univ.*) says that the Abbé de Clairmarais, in his garden at Saint-Omer, had a flock of geese, turkeys, and cranes, cut in yew and rosemary

100 Whose ministering, whose food for Fridays was provided by Enoch. Among members of the Roman Catholic and English High Church Friday (being the day of Christ's crucifixion) is kept as a fast-day, on which fish is eaten instead of butcher's meat

103 Open'd, gave an outlet towards the sea

107 A limb was broken, it was found that he had broken a limb

110, 111 Another theirs, another trader gradually encroached upon his business, and so deprived his wife and children of their livelihood

112 grave and staid, sedate and steady God fearing, religious Though Enoch was a sober, religious man, yet, as he lay thus unable to do anything, doubt and gloom fell on him. See Introduction, p xxvii.

114 nightmare, a horrible dream, lit a 'night crusher,' from the root *mar*, to bruise or crush of the night is introduced after the Homeric fashion of mentioning specific and seemingly unnecessary details Cf Homer's ποσσὶν ἤε μακρὰ βίβας, 'he went taking long steps with his feet', and Bible, *Psalms*, *cliv*, 1, "We have heard with our ears"

116 lives of hand-to-mouth, precarious, poverty stricken lives, in which the hand passes the food, as fast as it is earned, to the mouth, there is no supply kept in store. This is one of the simple, almost homely, phrases that are so appropriate in this idyll of humble life Cf *ll* 87, 167

120 had served in. See *ll* 52, 53

121 the man, i.e. Enoch

122 Reporting etc, announcing that his vessel was bound for China. This bound is the M. E. bound, ready to go, and has nothing to do with *bind*

123 125 Would he place? These lines represent what the captain of the ship said to Enoch. Sail'd from this port. A further inducement to his accepting the offer have the place, accept the post

127 at that answer to his prayer, at his prayer being thus answered by God

128 that shadow of mischance, that misfortune (viz. his accident) which clouded his future, see l 120

130, 131 Cuts off offing, the cloud, coming between the spectators and the sun, forms an island of reflected light on the seaward horizon. For fiery highway of the sun, cf *The Voyage*, l 19 'his (the sun's) Ocean lane of fire', and *The Golden Year*, l 50 "A lane of beams athwart the sea." Offing, the part of the visible sea remote from the shore, is formed from *off* with the suffix *ing*

132 what to do? What is he to do about them?

134 her We personify ships making them feminine. A boatman always speaks of his boat, as an engine driver does of his locomotive, as *she*

135 weather'd, successfully encountered

137 And yet to sell her The repetition of the statement expresses the pain that the thought gave him what she brought, the money she sold for

138 set forth, set up, furnish

140 So, by this means keep the house, provide for the household. For a different meaning of this phrase see l 822 and note. Note that to *keep house* means to be a householder, see l 24

141 himself, in his own behalf.

144 craft, vessel, properly a *trading* vessel

149 came on The phrase denotes that the meeting was unexpected by Annie

153 handled, passed his hands over, noting how wasted they were

154 Appraised, guess the amount of, Old Fr *apreier*, from Lat. *ad*, to, and *pretium*, a price

155 had purposes, had not the courage to reveal his plans break, in this sense, is always used of news or information that requires care or delicacy in the telling

157, 158 Then first finger, then for the first time since her marriage with Enoch The gold ring was placed on her finger by Enoch at her wedding

159 brawling, noisy, quarrelsome, cf l. 693

162 The line represents the argument she used

167 grieving, sorry at having to oppose her wishes hold, kept to, maintained bore it thro', carried out his will or purpose—a homely phrase It is repeated in l. 204

168 his old sea-friend, i.e. his boat, cf l. 134.

169, 170 set his hand to it, worked at fitting street-ward, on the side of the house facing the street.

173 cabin, here 'little house'

174 Auger, a tool for boring holes It is a corruption of *nauger* (a *nauger* becoming an *auger*) = *navi* + *gor*, have pierced Cf *adder* (O E *adde*), *apron* (O F *napron*), *orange* (Pers *naranj*), *umpire* (M E *nompere*), *ouch* (M D *nouche*)

175 raising, being raised or erected In Annie the noise made by the tools produced a presentiment of calamity, as though they were building the scaffold on which she was to be executed A similar presentiment occurs later on in the poem (ll 510-516), when, after marrying again, it seemed to Annie that she heard mysterious footfalls and whispers See Introduction, p xxvii *Shrill'd*, made a shrill noise, cf *Passing of Arthur*, ll 41, 42

"From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd"

Also *ib* l. 34, *Sir Galahad*, l. 5, *The Talking Oak*, l. 68 *Shrill'd* expresses the sharp, grating sound of the auger and saw, *rang*, the resonant blows of the hammer and axe

177 The space, i.e. at his disposal order'd, put in order, arranged

178 neat close These are adverbs of the same form as the corresponding adjectives—a use common in poetry

179 Her blossom or her seedling A bud or a seed contains

closely packed within them the different parts, in embryo, of the future flower or plant. *Seedling* seems to be used here for *little seed*. See General Introduction, p. xvi, (a)

180 needs would work, would persist in working. *Needs* is an old genitive case, used adverbially, cf. *always, sometimes*

181 Ascending, going upstairs to the bed room heavily, with oppressive soundness. Note the break in the rhythm of the line, emphasising the sense of torpor. *Sern*

"Ascending tired, I heavily sl/pt I till morn"

181 Says as his Annie's, except for the fact that they were his Annie's fears, and so met with his sympathy and respect. *His* emphasises her nearness and dearness to him

186 Bow'd himself down, I nelt in prayer. In that mystery etc., in Prayer, the mysterious act in which Christ's followers hold communion with Him. God in man is the divine aspirations in man's heart, man in God is the humanity in God. Cf. *Coming of Arthur*, l. 132

"Man's word is God in man"

189 Whatever came to him, whatever might come to or befall him

190 grace, favour, goodness

191 fair weather, prosperity. The nautical metaphor is in keeping with the character. For another, similarly appropriate, cf. l. 222

192. Keep for me, i.e. have your household all in readiness for my return. A hearth swept clean of ashes and a bright fire are preparations for the welcome of one whose arrival is looked for

193 before you know it. Enoch means 'much sooner than you expected'. But the words are an unconscious prophecy, since he was destined to be back long before she knew it. See notes to ll. 36, 212, and Introduction, p. xxxii

196 Nay, do not mind my calling him puny, for I love, etc. This may be supposed to be said in reply to a reproachful look from Annie. puny (Old Fr. *piné*, Lat. *post natus*) means lit. 'born after,' hence 'younger, inferior'

201 running on, volubly talking

204 roughly sermonizing, preaching to her in a homely way

206 Heard and not heard him, she heard his words, but they made no impression upon her. Hence she is compared to a village girl who hears the water falling into her pitcher, but who, though the sound should tell her that her pitcher is full, is unaffected by it, being taken up with the thought of her absent lover

211 for, in spite of, notwithstanding

212. I shall look upon your face no more Cf Paul's farewell to the Ephesians, who sorrowed "most of all for the words which he had spoken, that they should see his face no more" (Bible, *Acts*, xx, 38) In Annie's words, "I shall look upon your face no more," and in Enoch's reply, "I shall look on yours," we have a third unconscious prophecy (see note to l 36) "In that most touching scene near the close of the poem, when Enoch, shrouded in the darkness without, gazes on his lost wife through the window, his own words come true, when, on his death bed, he kindly says of her, 'She must not come, For my dead face would vex her after life,' he causes the fulfilment of hers" (*Blackwood's Magazine*) See Introduction, p xxxii

215 seaman's glass, a telescope of the powerful kind used by seamen

216 laugh at all your fears, regard all your fears for the future as absurd, laugh at yourself for being afraid of the future

220 shipshape, as things are kept on board ship, i.e. neat and tidy The nautical phrase is appropriate in the mouth of a sailor

222 Cast all your cares on God See Bible, *1 Peter*, i, 7 "Casting all your care upon him" (i.e. God) that anchor holds, that trust is never misplaced—another appropriate metaphor, cf l 191

223 Is He not from Him? Is not God present in those distant eastern regions (where I am going)? If I go thither, is not he there too? An adaptation of Bible, *Psalms*, cxxxix, 7, 9, 10 "Whither shall I flee from thy (i.e. God's) presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me"

225 the sea is His, i.e. God's care is over the sea as a part of His creation See Bible, *Psalms*, xcv, 5 "The sea is his, and he made it" This Psalm would be familiar to Enoch, as forming part of the regular Morning Service of the Church of England

227 drooping, sorrowing, dejected

228 wonder-stricken. Because they could not understand what was happening

230 feverous, caused or accompanied by fever Tennyson uses this word, rather than the commoner *feverish* (cf General Introduction, p xlii (d)), in *Aylmer's Field*, l. 701 "his feverous pillow" The word occurs four times in Shakspeare

232, 233 how should the child Remember this? How can he possibly remember my bidding him goodbye? i.e. he never

will remember it, being so young, and therefore there is no use in waking him

237 His bundle, of clothes and other necessities, such as a sailor would carry

240 fix the glass etc., i.e. adjust its lenses to suit her eyesight

243 the moment, the brief opportunity of seeing him Note that *past* is used with a double application here, of time and of an object of vision. So with *lose* in Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, 257

"Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball"

The usage gives an epigrammatic force

244. Ev'n to the last drop etc Cf *Princess*, iv, 26, etc, where "tears, idle tears," are said to be

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge"

246 as his grave, as if he were dead

247 Set her sad will etc Though she hopelessly sorrowed for him, yet she determined none the less to do as he wished

249 compensating the want, making up for the defect (of not having been brought up to trade) See Introduction, p xxxii. Observe the accentuation—*compensating* instead of *compensating* So Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, iv, 245

"If so they might compensate the saved sin"

251 asking less, demanding an excessive price from her customers and then accepting a smaller one

252. foreboding, anxiously asking herself still, continually

256 knowing it, i.e. knowing that she fail'd—that she was unsuccessful in her business

260 Now This *now* is not the adverb of place, but a sort of particle, used to introduce an explanation of what precedes

261 cared for it, tended it

263 Whether her business, whether it was that her business

265 the voice who, the voice of him who, i.e. of a doctor

267 269 "Wonderful as are many of Mr Tennyson's descriptive rhythms, perhaps none have shown such marvellous and subtle skill as these three lines which, catching the reader ere he is aware, by their quickened flight and the sudden hurry of their cadence, leave him with parted lips" (*Quarterly Review*)
L 269 is scanned

"The lit|tle inno|cent soul | flitted | away,"

where the tribrach (— — —) in the second foot seems to express

the fluttering of a bird about to take flight, and the trochee (— ∪) in the fourth the rapid movement of escape See General Introduction, p. xxi, (β)

268 Like the caged bird etc For the simile, cf Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 827 ὅπως γὰρ ὥς τις ἐκ χειρῶν ἀφαντος εἰ, "For like a bird from the hands art thou vanished (to Hades) "

271 273 Philip's true heart Smote him, his faithful heart reproached him, he felt conscience stricken or full of compunction.

278 struck it, knocked at it. no one opening is an absolute clause.

279 with her grief, with her grief for her only companion Cf Shaks *King John*, III, 1, 73, where Constance says, "Here I and sorrows sit", and ib III, iv, 93 97

285 the passion etc, the strong feeling expressed in the reply that she moaned out

286 forlorn is the Old Eng *forloren*, past part of *forleðsan*, to lose utterly

288 His bashfulness etc, his shyness in Annie's presence struggling with his kindness for her His bashfulness bade him go, his tenderness bade him stay

289 set, seated

293 For where etc, what he determined in his mind to do, that he carried out in action

294 bore it thro', accomplished it, see l 167

297 for the wherewithal, to obtain the means

301 morning hours Life is compared to a day, and the morning hours are the early years of life

303 running wild, becoming unruly, left undisciplined.

304 the waste, the common, the unoccupied land near a village

305 Have we not etc? Are we not old friends who can trust each other?

309 he shall, & e I will let him

310 well to do, well off, prosperous This *do* is the provincial English *dow* (Old Eng *dugan*), 'to avail, to be worth, to suit,' seen in the phrase, 'That will *do*,' & e suit, and perhaps in 'How do you *do*?'

313 with her brows against the wall, turning her face from the doorway towards the opposite wall. Turning the face to the wall is a sign of extreme sorrow and self abandonment Cf Bible, *Isaiah*, xxxviii, 2, where King Hezekiah, in his mortal sickness, "turned his face toward the wall"

315 broken down, prostrated with grief, disconsolate
 317 breaks me down, overcomes me, is too much for me
 318 that is borne in on me, I feel convinced of it, I have an
 inward presentiment that it is so Both this phrase and "lifted
 up in spirit" below have a Puritan air about them, in keeping
 with the story See Introduction, p xxxi.

321 There, at that point in the conversation
 322 swimming, swimming with tears, full of tears
 323 dwelt on, continued looking at
 325 Caught at, impulsively grasped
 326 garth, yard, garden, Old Eng *geard*, an enclosure
 327 lifted up in spirit, cheered in mind, with exultated
 feelings

329 everyway, in all respects
 330 by his own, in relation to his own children
 331 Made himself theirs, devoted himself to their care
 332 lazy gossip, idle people's gossip *Gossip* = god sib, God
 relative, i.e. a sponsor in baptism, and so, a news monger, a
 chatterbox (as in l 469) here it means news mongering,
 chatter

334 crost her threshold, entered her house *Threshold* =
thresh wold or *thrash wood*, the piece of wood thrashed or beaten
 by the feet of incomers

335 garden herbs, vegetables
 337 conies, rabbits, from Lat *cuniculus*
 338 with some pretext Observe the accentuation—*prétext*
 instead of *prétext* Cf note to l. 249 of fineness in the meal,
 of the meal being more than usually fine

339 To save charitable, to avoid offending Annie by the
 appearance of being charitable He wished the gift to seem to
 be the outcome of friendly feeling and not of charity or a desire
 to relieve her poverty

340 whistled, made a shrill noise as its sails turned round in
 the wind.

341 fathom Annie's mind, sound the depths of her mind, under
 stand her inner feelings He thought her cold, but she was full
 of gratitude, though a bashful reticence prevented her from ex-
 pressing it

343 Out of full heart, in consequence of the fulness of her
 heart

344 Light on a broken word, find a few, faint, half inarticu-
 late words

349 his passive ear Philip always submitted to listen patiently

351, 352 Philip gain'd as Enoch lost, Philip more and more won their affections as Enoch (through his absence) lost them more and more

353 Uncertain, vague, indefinite

354 as a figure A person so seen would seem to be almost outside our own life—a more shadowy outline

361 would go, wished to go

363 like the working bee etc The working bee (as distinct from the drone bee) often gets powdered over with the pollen of flowers, when it is extracting the honey Cf *Merlin and Vivien*, l 275

“you lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom dust of those
Deep meadows we had traversed ”

And *The Voyage of Maeldune*, V “Each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to foot ”

364 Blanch'd with his mill, whitened with the flour of his mill.

365 denied, said no, refused

366 pluck'd at him, caught hold of him, pulled at his coat Cf the village pastor in Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, ll 183, 184, whom

“Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile ”

369 the weary down, the down that made her feel weary

370, 371 the prone edge hollow See ll 67, 68, and notes, and see note to ll 58, 59 force, strength

376 whitening, showing the under part of the leaf

378 reluctant is used in its Latin sense of 'struggling against,' resisting their efforts So Milton has “reluctant flames” (*Par Lost*, vi, 58), and “untamed reluctance” (*Ib* ii, 337) Compare with this picture Wordsworth's *Nutting*

“Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage” etc

The *tawny clusters* are the bunches of nuts

382 dark hour See note to l 78

383 wounded life See note to l 75

384 the shadow, the obscurity of the wood, see line 76

385 honest, honourable, open, guileless Similarly his was a
 "true heart," 1 271 forehead. Frankness of disposition finds
 its expression in the brows.

387 Tired, i.e. are you tired? He repeats the question in the
 next line.

388 her face etc., a sign of great dejection.

389 a kind of anger His feeling of annoyance arose from her
 so persistently retaining what seemed to him an absurd belief

390 The ship, i.e. the ship in which Enoch sailed

391 kill yourself, i.e. with vain longings and regrets

392 make them orphans quite, bereave them of their mother
 as well as of their father

394 Their voices etc The merry voices of the children
 seemed by contrast to emphasise her own forlorn condition

396 a thing upon my mind, a thought that weighs upon me—
 of which I want to unburden myself

399 will out, will come out, will be revealed Cf the pro-
 verbial phrase, 'Murder will out'

400 against all chance, contrary to every probability

405 Unless— Philip was going to say "Unless you are my
 wife," but breaks off, shrinking at first, in his delicacy, from
 giving utterance to his thought, and suggesting that Annie
 knows what he would say so quick, i.e. so quick at catching
 one's meaning

407 fain, gladly, an adverb here prove, show myself

411 fast, firmly, fixedly, indissolubly

412 uncertain years, years of doubt and suspense

420 as God's good angel, like a good or guardian angel sent by
 God to watch over us

426 after Enoch, below Enoch, less than Enoch

429 so long, a very long time to ask you to wait

430 surely I shall etc., surely I shall have some certain news
 about Enoch within a year, I shall know whether he is dead or
 not

434 I am bound, I consider myself to be under an agreement
 with you.

435 Will you not etc., are you not willing on your part to
 wait a year, as I on my part agree to wait a year and then
 marry you?

438 the dead flame of the fallen day, the vanished gleam of
 the sunset. Cf *A Dream of Fair Women*, ll. 61-64

" The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun "

439 Pass from, cease to light up

440 night and chill, 'the chill of night', a hendiadys

446 your hour of weakness, a time when you did not feel so firm or strong minded as usual

451 dwelt upon, thought over Cf l 323

453 autumn into autumn flashed again. A new autumn came round so quickly that there seemed to be no interval between it and the last

458 So much to look to, there were so many things to be thought about These lines (458 460) give Annie's arguments for delaying the marriage

461, 462 his voice Shaking, i.e. with nervous eagerness A drunkard's hand is tremulous and unsteady from the effects of drink that lifelong hunger See l 79

465 held him on delayingly, kept him waiting in dilatory fashion

467 Trying his truth etc, putting his constancy and his patience to the proof

470 Abhorrent of etc., hating to have their anticipation (that Philip and Annie would marry) unfulfilled

471 to chafe, to be vexed or angry

473 Some that she etc Some thought that she was coy and retiring only in order to make him come forward with an offer of marriage Note how this line is made up entirely of mono syllables—a sign of Tennyson's pure English style

475 As simple folk etc, as being foolish people who did not know what they wished for

477 Like serpent eggs The eggs of serpents are agglutinated or stuck together in beadlike rows by a mucous substance

478 worse, unlawful love.

479 look'd his wish, showed his wish by his looks

483 contracting, becoming thin

485 Sharp as reproach, as painfully as if she had been actually reproached for her conduct

487 a sign, a sign from Heaven, a supernatural indication to guide her in her decision, see Introduction, p xxxii gone, dead

488 Then, compass'd round etc, then, surrounded as she was by the thick, impenetrable darkness of the night, she could not bear the terror she felt, as she waited for some answer to her prayer, and so started etc

490 struck herself a light, lighted a candle for herself by striking sparks from a flint Lucifer matches were not invented "a hundred years ago" (see L 10)

491 the holy Book, the Bible The "Sortes Biblicæ," or telling one's fortune by the Bible in the manner described here, were an imitation of the older "Sortes Vergilianæ, Homericae," etc., in which the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Iliad* of Homer, etc., were similarly consulted The book was opened at random, and the first passage that caught the eye or that was touched by the finger was regarded as a Divine response The Roman emperors, Trajan and Alexander Severus, practised this method of divination, which was popular also in Christian times, and was condemned as profane by St. Augustine and by the Council of Vannes in the fifth century, but was long afterwards followed at the election of bishops, abbots, etc Cf. De Quincey's *Modern Superstition*, Works, vol. III, p 307, etc The Puritans adopted the practice, and it is still sometimes employed by common people of the old religious type in parts of England and Scotland.

492 Suddenly, all at once, without premeditation Unpremeditated action was considered essential in such methods of divination

494 'Under the palm tree' See Bible, *Judges*, iv, 6, "And she (i. e. Deborah) dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah"

496 When lo' her Enoch etc. *Blackwood* remarks "She beholds Enoch seated 'under a palm tree, over him the sun', as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding bells is so soon to torment his ear But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations." See Introduction, p xxxi

499 Hosanna in the highest, praise to God in the heavens above *Hosanna*, an invocation of praise or blessing, means in Hebrew, 'Save, I beseech thee'

500 The Sun of Righteousness See Bible, *Malachi*, iv, 2 "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings", where the reference is to the coming of Christ, the Messiah. *Be* is present indicative

500, 501 palms Whereof etc The allusion is to Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palm-branches before Him, and greeted Him with cries of 'Hosanna in the highest.' See Bible, *Mark*, xi, 8 10, *John*, xii, 12 and 13 Whereof = (branches) from which

503 Resolved, came to a resolution wildly, excitedly

506 So you will, if it be so that you will, provided that you will See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 133

507, 508 The repetition here, in inverted order, not only adds emphasis but admirably echoes the recurring cadences of the bells For a similar repetition, cf *Aylmer's Field*, ll. 428, 429

"The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven "

509 Notice how the heavily accented *merrily* of this line is in harmony with its sadness, as contrasted with the lightly accented *merrily's* of the two preceding lines with their note of joy Cf l. 80 Scan

"So thesè | were wéd | and mérrily ráng | the bélls,
Mérrily ráng | the bélls | and theý | were wéd ,
But nóv | er mérrily | beat Ánnie's héart "

510, 511 A footstep a whisper Annie still felt half uncertain of Enoch's being really dead—the "mysterious instinct" of l. 522 See note to l. 175

514. What ail'd her ? Something ailed her A strange, unaccountable feeling came over her The question is a merely rhetorical one

519 was 'as herself renew'd, i.e. she herself entered upon a new existence along with her child She forgot her old self in her absorption in the new child.

520 the new mother, the new feeling of motherhood Cf Addison, *Cato*, iii, 2 "I feel the mother breaking in upon me " came about, gathered round, took possession of.

525 The Biscay, i.e. the Bay of Biscay ridging, rising in ridges or long mountainous waves

527 slipt The word implies smooth and easy sailing the summer of the world, the tropics

528 a long tumble, a great deal of tossing, a long period of stormy weather the Cape, i.e. the Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms For the rhythm of this line, cf General Introduction, p. xxi, (β), and scan

"Then áfter a | long tum|ble abóut | the Cápe "

529 foul and fair, i.e. foul and fair weather

531 The breath of heaven etc The vessel had reached the path of the southern Trade Winds which blow continually for six months from the south east The ten lines (524-533) have been remarked upon as a fine word picture of the vicissitudes of the voyage—the rough seas of the Bay of Biscay, the smooth sailing before the tropical trade winds on either side of the African continent, and the variable weather about the Cape of Good Hope

532 sweetly, gently the golden isles, the islands of the East
Indian Archipelago The Malay Peninsula was known to the
ancients as the *Golden Chersonese* Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, xi, 302

533 Till silent, till she was silent, till she came to anchor

535 Quaint monsters, grotesque Chinese images

537 home voyage The trisyllabic foot images, as it were, the
swing of the ship

538 sea circle, circular expanse of sea surrounded by the
horizon Cf *The Passing of Arthur*, l 87 (of the indistinct sea
horizon)

"The phantom circle of a moaning sea"

539 figure head. Ships had, and sometimes still have, carved
wooden figures, often consisting of a woman's head and shoulders,
on their bows just above the water line full busted = big
chested, large bosomed. Cf *The Voyage*, II

"The Lady's head upon the prow

Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale"

540 feathering, rising in thin, light, curling wavelets Cf
l 68 and note. stared expresses the fixed gaze of the lifeless
image.

542. Then baffling, then followed baffling (i.e. contrary) winds

544 hard upon etc., immediately after the cry of 'Breakers
ahead!' (showing they were close to rocks on which the waves
were breaking) the ship struck on the reef and was wrecked

548 stranding, coming ashore.

551 fruitage, 'fruit of various kinds', a collective noun Cf
acreage, *Aylmer's Field*, l 651 Also *garlandage*, *scaffoldage*

552 Nor save for pity etc. Through being unacquainted with
human civilisation, the animals on the island were so tame that
the only hindrance to capturing them was the feeling of pity for
their helplessness Cf Cowper's "Verses supposed to be written
by Alexander Selkirk" on his desert island —

"The beasts that roam over the plain

My form with indifference see,

They are so unacquainted with man

Their tameness is shocking to me"

And Darwin, *Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestica-
tion*, pp 20, 21 "Quadrupeds and birds which have seldom been
disturbed by man dread him no more than do our English birds
the cows or horses grazing in the fields" — so wild that it was
tame Note the antithesis or apparent contradiction in terms
here, and cf l 613, "beauteous hateful," and note

554 seaward gazing, that opened in the direction of the sea

556 native cavern, cavern of natural rock.

557 this Eden, this fair garden, this paradise Similarly Tennyson (*Locksley Hall*, l. 164) calls tropic islands "Summer isles of Eden" *Eden* was the name of the region and garden in which Adam and Eve were placed by God. The name means "pleasure"

562 leave him, i.e. to attempt any plan of escape from the island

565, 566 Fire hollowing Sun stricken, while he was burning out the inside of the trunk, as the Indians do (for want of tools), to make a boat, was killed by sunstroke.

568 The mountain wooded etc. *The Quarterly Review* remarks upon "the elaborate and masterly painting of the desert isle, whose oppressive beauty is forced upon the reader, as it beat itself in upon the eyes and heart of Enoch in the weary days of his captivity" Bagehot (*Lit. Studies*, vol II) calls the description an "absolute model of adorned art. No expressive circumstances can be added, no enhancing detail suggested" The picture (with which should be compared a similar one in *Locksley Hall*, ll. 159-164) is significant on account of the contrast it presents, in its luxuriant beauty, to the lonely grief of the exiled man. The unsympathetic attitude of Nature towards human sorrows is pointed to here, just as in lines 666-677 her sympathetic attitude is depicted. See note to l. 668. Cf. Roden Noel (*Contemp. Review*) "The dominant note of Tennyson's poetry is assuredly the delineation of human moods modulated by Nature, and through a system of Nature symbolism"

570 coco's, the coco nut tree (*cocos nucifera*)

571 The lightning flash This image expresses both the swift, darting flight and the brilliancy of form or plumage of tropical insects and birds.

572. The lustre etc. Note the musical alliterativeness of this line, and the sense of trailing growth produced by its rhythm. It is hypermetrical. Scan

"The lus|tre of | the long | convól|vulúses"

573, 574 ran Ev'n to land, spread even to the shore of the island. the glows, the gorgeous shows

575 the broad belt of the world, the torrid zone, which runs round the centre of the globe

576 fain had seen, would gladly have seen

577 kindly contains the double notion of kinship and friendliness

579 The myriad shriek of, the shriek of myriads of.

580 roller, see note to l. 21. Note the stately rhythm of this line, cf. General Introduction, p. xxi, (γ)

581 The moving whisper, the whispering noise that moved
hither and thither among the branches as they swayed in the breeze

582 in the zenith, i.e. at a vast height above his head.

585 seaward-gazing The epithet is perhaps also expressive
of Enoch's attitude and feelings

588 The sunrise broken etc The sun, red at its rising, shone
upon him through the palms etc, and so its light was broken up
into scarlet rays (which are compared to shafts or arrows).
Similarly Shelley speaks of the "keen arrows" of the moon's
"crystal sphere" The blaze upon. Observe the repetition of
the phrase (here pointing to the dreary monotony of the sun
shine)—a characteristic of Tennyson's style, cf ll 491 2, and
Geraint and Enid (now entitled *The Marriage of Geraint*), ll.
50 54

"Forgetful of his promise to the king,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares "

Also *The Holy Grail*, ll 103, 104, 233 236, 370 372, 472 475
(where 'blood red' is repeated three times)

593 globed themselves, formed globular masses of light,—
referring to the brilliancy of constellations in the tropics Cf
Locksley Hall, l 159

"Larger constellations burning "

594 hollower bellowing, sounding with a deeper roar by night
than by day, on account of the stillness on the land Cf *In
the Valley of Caunteretz*, ll 1, 2

"Stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with deepening of the night."

And see note to l 51

596 watch'd or seem'd to watch. Cf *Dream of Fair Women*,
l. 41 "I started once, or seem'd to start", *Ænone*, l. 18
"Floated her hair or seem'd to float", and Vergil's *Aut videt
aut adisse putat*, 'He sees or thinks he sees', and Milton's (*P*
L 1, 713) "sees, or dreams he sees."

597 So still etc., remaining so still that even so timid an
animal as the golden hued lizard remained motionless on his
person, as if his body had been an inanimate object

598 601 A phantom the line, a shadowy scene composed
of many shadowy objects (i.e. his home in England) appeared
before him wherever he went, or he seem'd to himself to be con-
tinually moving among people, things, and places that he knew
far away in England darker Referring to the more sombre
skies of northern latitudes the line, the equator

606 dewy glooming, looking dark with dew in the early morning Cf *Ænone*, 47

"Aloft the mountain dawn was dewy dark "

These epithets well describe the darkening effect of dew upon grass in the early dawn. See General Introduction, p xvi, (a)

607 The gentle shower, as contrasted with the heavy tropical rainfall

608 Note the sound effect produced by the alliteration of the liquids *l*, *n* in this line, and contrast it with that produced by the dental alliteration in line 606 See General Introduction, p xxi

609 in the ringing of his ears His ears tingled, producing the sensation of the ringing of bells Compare with this Kinglake's hearing a peal of church bells in the middle of the Desert He attributes the effect to the perfect dryness of the clear air and the deep stillness, which, "by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory" (*Eothen*, chap xvii) Cf *The May Queen*, Conclusion, where Alice hears a mysterious "swell of music on the wind", and *Locksley Hall*, l 84 "Thou shalt hear a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears "

611 He heard the pealing etc With Enoch's hearing the bells ringing for Annie's marriage with Philip may be compared Jane Eyre's hearing, though far away, the call of Mr Rochester See Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Chaps 35 and 37 Cf *Aylmer's Field*, ll 578, 579

"Star to star vibrates light may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own? "

—where a similar case of this mysterious sympathy is mentioned

613 Shuddering Note how the pause after the first foot in this line emphasises the sense See General Introduction, p xix (a) beauteous hateful For the pair of antithetical epithets, cf *Ænone*, l. 49 "Beautiful Paris, evil hearted Paris", and *Harold*, III, 1, 50 "With that friendly fiendly smile of his "

614 Returned upon him, i.e. when he became conscious of it again He had been lost in a fit of musing

615 That which etc, i.e. God

616 speaks with, prays to, has communion with

617 had died, for 'would have died'

618 early-silvering His hair grew gray with his troubles before he was an old man

621 sacred, hallowed in his old and cherished memories of them

623 mist-wreathen, enveloped in mist or haze Cf l. 865,
note a break, an opening in the mist Cf l. 1, and note

629 silent. Because the noise of its fall could not be heard
at that distance Cf Wordsworth, *Address to Kilchurn Castle*

"Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice,
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance"

630 burst away, rapidly dispersed in various directions

633 solitary, lonely man, adjective used for noun Thus the
second book of Wordsworth's *Excursion* is entitled 'The Solitary,'
i. e. the recluse The *Quarterly Review* remarks "Arden, all
due allowance made, must have passed at least full seven years
of solitary life upon his isle, and it is a serious question whether
any human being, much more a man of his intensity of nature,
could have passed through this ordeal and kept his wits" The
terrible effects, however, of his solitude upon Enoch are dwelt
upon by the poet, which it is expressly stated would have been
far more terrible but for the consolations of religion in his case
(see ll 614 617) As it was, he did half lose his wits tempo-
rarily, and was a broken man for the short life that remained to
him

636 inarticulate rage, rage or excitement unable to express
itself in words His rage was due to his being unable to speak
articulately Woodes Rogers, in his account of Alexander Sel-
kirk, whom, after four years of solitude, he rescued from the
island of Juan Fernandez, says "At his first coming on board
us he had so much forgot his language for want of use that we
could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words
by halves"

638 sweet water, fresh, pure water, as opposed to salt or
brackish

640 1 his loosen'd, his tongue, which through disuse had
lost the power of speech, now regained it Cf Bible, *Luke*, 1,
64, where it is said of the dumb Zacharias that "his tongue
was loosed" For long bounden, cf note to l 865

643 the tale he utter'd, i. e. the tale which he uttered
brokenly, disconnectedly, falteringly

645 melted, touched, excited pity in

647, 648 But oft from him He was given a free passage
and therefore was not bound to work with the crew, but he often
chose to do so in order to get rid of his habit of solitude.

649 Came from, belonged to, were natives of, or resident in

652. The vessel scarce sea worthy, the vessel being scarcely sea-
worthy (i. e. fit for sea)—an absolute clause

653, 654 His fancy Returning, his eager thoughts sped in advance of the slow sailing ship to his home lazy So it seemed to him, in his impatience

655 down thro' all his blood. He drew in great draughts of it, so that it pervaded his whole system Cf *The Marriage of Geraint*, ll. 532 3

"She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw
The quiet night into her blood"

657 her ghostly wall, her white, chalk cliffs which, wrapt in the morning mist, looked like ghosts

665 His home is in apposition with the first *home* in the previous line, which is a repetition of *home* in *homeward*

666 671 till drawn pasturage, the afternoon was bright up to the time when a sea fog rolled up through the two openings in the cliffs by which the two harbours had access to the sea, and enveloped the whole region round in a gray covering It interrupted the view of the high road that stretched in front of him, and left visible on either side of him only a narrow strip of leafless copse or ploughed land or pasture either haven, both havens, see ll. 102, 103

668 whelm'd the world in gray The picture here (as *Blackwood* remarks) of the sea fog swallowing up the sunshine is emblematic of the disappointment which awaits the bright hopes of Enoch's return. See note to l. 568

671 holt, wood, copse, from the root *kal*, to hide tilth here = tilled land, as in Milton, *Par Lost*, xi, 429 30 "A field, part arable and tilth."

672 the robin, the Robin Red breast, a small English song bird

674 dead weight *Dead* means inert, unrelieved by any buoyancy in the air Scan the line

"The déad | weight of | the déad | léaf bóre | it dówn,"
and observe how the accentuation of the two *deads* and of *weight* emphasises the meaning

676 mist-blotted, blotted or obscured by the mist The lights of Philip's house (which was "the latest house to landward"), seen through the mist, looked like one great blurred light A vivid picture, see General Introduction, p. xviii, (c)

679, 680 His heart etc His eyes etc Two absolute clauses

683 murmur, low, indistinct sound, as coming from the interior of the house

684 A bill of sale, a notice that the house was for sale.

686 the pool, the harbour basin

688 a front of etc , a very old house, the front of which was formed of beams placed crosswise (the interspaces being filled in with brickwork or plaster) This "half timbered" style of building is common in Kent to the present day

689 propt, with timber supports to prevent it from falling

690 must have gone, would surely have disappeared by this time

696 good and garrulous, kindly and talkative

705, 706 o'er his motion, no look of trouble or emotion passed over his face

714 If I might, I would that I might

715, 716 the thought drove him forth Cf *Morte d'Arthur*, l. 185 "His own thought drove him, like a goad"

721 Unspeakable for sadness, unspeakably or indescribably sad

722. The ruddy square etc , the glowing square of light formed by the window, betokening warmth and comfort inside the house Cf *Princess*, "Tears, idle tears," ll 13, 14

"Unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square"

724 beacon blaze, the bright lantern of a lighthouse, which forms a beacon or warning light to ships Passing birds, attracted by the light, have often been known to dash themselves against the lantern glass and fall dead, as they do also against the electric light on a steamer's bows in the Suez Canal Cf *Princess*, 11

"Like a beacon tower above the waves

Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye

Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light

Dash themselves dead"

* Like the metaphors in ll 191, 220, 222, this simile is peculiarly appropriate in a tale that has to do with sailor life

728 latest, for last 'Latest' refers to time, 'last' to order or position to landward, in a landward direction

733 shingle, coarse gravel of the seashore, so called from the singing or crunching noise made by walking over it, cf l 768 This shingle is Scandinavian, shingle, a wooden tile, is from Lat *scindula*, *scindere*, to split

736, 737 if griefs better, if griefs so bitter as his can have the terms better or worse applied to them Being infinite, they admit of no degrees of comparison

738 silver, silver plate, as spoons, forks, etc burnish'd board, brightly polished table Burnished is more usually applied to a metal surface.

739 genial, bright and pleasant

744. A later etc., the image of her mother, only taller than she. Observe the alliteration.

746 a ring, formerly of ivory, and given to teething children to suck

747 rear'd. Cf Shaks *Julius Caesar*, iii i 30 "Casca, you are first that rears your hand" creasy, full of creases or wrinkles caused by their fatness

754 Now when the dead man etc. A writer in *Harper's Magazine*, Oct 1864, says "The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title of *Wakefield*, of a man withdrawing from his home and severing himself for many years from his family, yet stealing to the windows in the darkness to see wife and children, and the changes time works in his familiar circle, is reproduced in *Enoch Arden*, except that the separation is involuntary, and the unbetrayed looking in upon the change of years is not a mere psychological diversion, but an act of the highest moral heroism." See Introduction, p xxxi.

762 Because things seen etc. Cf Horace, *Art Poet* 180, 181 *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta*, 'things communicated through the ear stir men's feelings less powerfully than things that are set before the eyes', and Herodotus, i, 8 *ὅτι γὰρ τυγχάνει ἀνθρώποισι ἔντα ἀπιστότερα ὀφθαλμῶν*, 'for men are wont to trust their ears less than their eyes', and Seneca, *Upp* vi.

763, 764 fear'd To send, feared lest in his agony of mind he might send

765 the blast of doom, the blast of the trumpet, that summons men to judgment for their sins. See Bible, *1 Cor* xv 52 "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised"

769 feeling all along, groping with his hands like a blind man.

775 prone, 'face downwards, lying on the face', opposite to supine, 'face upwards, lying on the back,' and so 'negligent'. Cf Milton, *Par Lost*, x, 514, where Satan falls "a monstrous serpent on his belly prone." See l 67 he dug etc., in his anguish he clutched the wet ground with his fingers

777 thence, i.e. from the island

782 Scan this line —

"Nót to | tell hér | néver | to lét | hér'knów"

Note how the accentuation gives special emphasis to *not* and *her*, as also to *not* in the next line

789 tranced, in a fainting condition, in a swoon, see l 770

792 Beating it in, impressing it, trying to fix it

793 the burthen of a song, the refrain of a song, that verse of a song which is repeated at intervals This word (which should be spelt *burden*, not *burthen*) is quite distinct from *burden* or *burthen*, a load borne, since it comes from the Fr *bourdon*, the drone bass of a bagpipe, which is from the Low Lat *burdonem*, accusative of *burdo*, a drone bee It is probably an imitative word

795 all, entirely, an adverb

796 faith, religious faith, faith in God's goodness

797 from a living source His prayer was not dead and formal, but was the outcome of genuine feeling and belief

798 beating up etc, struggling against and overcoming all the troubles of this life

799 Like fountains etc Springs of fresh water have been known to issue from the sea-bed Cf *Morte d'Arthur*, ll 247 249

"More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day "

And *Early Sonnets*, x, 7, 8

"I have heard that, somewhere in the main,

Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine "

See General Introduction, p xvii

800 kept him a living soul, kept him from being utterly broken down by despair

803 fear enow, much fear enow is a provincialism for enough Tennyson employs it, as being antique, throughout the *Idylls* It is properly the old plural form of *enough*, and is so used by Shakspeare Even Byron has, "Have I not cares enow and pangs enow?"

805 her comfort, a comfort to her

806 After call'd me, i.e. after my death

808 an alms *Alms* is properly singular, but is now used in everyday English as a plural. It is a contraction of the M E *almesse*, representing the Gk *eleemosyné*

813 the stunted commerce of those days, the scanty merchandise of 100 years ago, when English commerce was in its infancy

816 Work without hope Cf Coleridge's verses with this title

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,

And Hope without an object cannot live "

Since Enoch worked without hope, he took no pleasure or interest in his work, to keep him alive

817 819 as the year return'd, when the time of Enoch's return home had nearly come round again in the following year

821 do ne more, work no longer

822 kept the house, his chair, and last his bed First, he was too ill to go out of doors, then, getting worse, he took to his chair, and finally he became so ill that he could not leave his bed Cf note to l 140

825 See thro' etc As the violent gust of wind passes off, its accompanying rain cloud rises from the surface of the sea, and through its gray ragged edges the lifeboat is seen approaching Here we have another appropriate simile, see note to l 724

828 Death dawning Note the force of this unwonted metaphor We usually speak of the dawn of *life*. For Enoch death was a happy and hopeful thing, like the appearance of a new day

834 the beek, i e the Bible

836 'hear him talk!' i e what nonsense!

837 bring you round, make you well again

842 I knew him far away, I could recognise him a long distance off

843 mind, a provincialism for 'remember'

844 Held his head high, had plenty of honest pride The feelings of the mind affect the carriage of the body

855 Who married changed. He was going to say, 'who married Annie Lee', 'but,' he says, 'her name Lee has been twice changed, once to Arden by her marrying me, and again to Ray by her marrying Philip'

861 easy tears, tears that came readily, she was easily moved to tears Cf Shaks *Coriolanus*, V, ii, 45 "the easy groans of old women"

865 promise bounden, bound or restrained by her promise to Enoch The old form in *en* of the past participle is also used in l. 640, *long bounden*, and l. 628, *must wreathen*

866 bairns, used in the north-country dialects for 'children', M. E. *barn*, what is *born*

868 Enoch hung etc The temptation to see his children was so great, that he hesitated for a moment when she suggested fetching them *Blackwood* observes "The dying man's last victory over selfishness bespeaks not merely our pity for him, but our reverence There is also something profoundly sad in the way in which that desolate heart, after half claiming back the living children, feels that, in real fact, only the dead little one is left it"

872 mark me, observe what I say

876 the bar between us, the impediment caused by her marriage with Philip

886 I am their father, &c though I am no longer Annie's husband, and therefore it is not fitting that she should come to see me after death, lest she should be haunted by my memory,—yet I am still the children's father, and there is nothing to prevent them from coming to see me when I am dead

888 my blood, my family

892 thought, intended

896 a token, a proof, a guarantee

899 That once again etc. Her volubility made him think that she did not take a sufficiently serious view of the matter, so that he was afraid she might forget his dying wishes and her promise of secrecy

904 a calling of the sea A term used in some parts of England for a ground swell When this occurs on a windless night the sound not only echoes through the houses standing near the beach, but is often heard many miles inland.

907 Crying etc. He unagines himself back again on his lonely island Death was indeed to him as the sight of a sail to a stranded sailor See ll 824-828

910, 911 The last two lines enable us to fill up the story in our imaginations, and bring it to a fitting conclusion They also form a grateful relief to the tension of feeling caused by the deep pathos of the closing scenes of the narrative

INDEX TO THE NOTES

[The references are to the lines. Italics denote subjects.]

A

Absolute clause, 65, 278, 670
Accentuation, 249, 338, 509,
 674, 782
After (= below), 426
 Ago, 10
 Ail'd, 514
 Alms, 808
Alliteration, 59, 572, 608, 744
Antithetical epithets, 613
Antithesis, 552
 Appraised, 154
 Auger, 174

B

Baffling, 542.
 Bairsns, 866
 Bar, 876
 Barrow, 7
 Beacon blaze, 724
 Beating up, 798
 Beauteous hateful, 613
 Bide, 435
 Bill of sale, 684
 Blanch'd, 364
 Blast of doom, 765
 Blossom dust, 363
 Board, 738
 Bore it thro', 167, 294
 Borne in on me, 318
 Bound (= *boun*), 122

Brawling, 159
 Break (= *opening*) 628.
 Break (= *reveal*), 155
 Breaker, 21
 Breaker beaten, 51
 Bumping up, 87
 Broken down, 315
 Broken word, 344
 Brokenly, 613
 Bundle, 237
 Burthen, 793
 Burnish'd, 738
 Burst away, 630

C

Came from, 649
 Came on, 149
 Came to, 189
 Cared for, 261
 Caught at, 325
 Chafe, 471
 Coco, 570
 Compensating, 249
 Competence, 82
 Conies, 337
 Craft, 144
 Creasy, 747

D

Dark hour, 78, 382
 Dead weight, 674
 Dewy glooming, 606

Double application, 243
 Down (= *hill*), 6
 Down streaming, 55
 Draw (*intrans*), 74

E

Early silvering, 618
 Easy tears, 861
 Eden, 557
 Enow, 803

F

Fain, 407, 576
 Fair weather, 191
 Fathom, 341
 Feather, 68, 371, 540
 Feverous, 230
 Fiery highway, 130
 Figure, 354
 Figure head, 539
 Fineness, 338
 Fire hollowing, 515
 Fluke, 18
 Forehead, 385
 Forlorn, 286
 Foul and fair, 529
 Friday fare, 100
 Frutage, 551
 Full busted, 539
 Full sailor, 54

G

Garden sculpture, 199
 Garth, 326
 Genial, 739
 Ghostly wall, 657
 Globed, 593
 Glows, 574
 God in man, 186
 Golden isles, 532.
 Gossip, 332

H

Had (= *would have*), 576
 "Half timbered" architecture,
 688

Hand to mouth, 116
 Handled, 153
 Haunted, 8
 Hazels, 64
 Hear him talk, 836
 Heavily, 181
Hendiadys, 440
 Her (of a boat), 134
 Hollower bellowing, 594
 Holt, 671
 Holy Book, 491
Homely phrases, 87, 116, 167
Homeric repetition, 58
 Hosanna, 499
 Host, 25
Hypermetrical line, 572

I

Inarticulate rage, 636
Irony of Sophocles, 36
 Isolation, 648

K

Keep house, 24, 140
 Keep the house, 140, 822
 Kind of anger, 389
 Kindly, 577

L

Last, } 728
 Latest, }
 Life (= *living thing*), 54, 75
 Lifelong, 79, 461
 Lifted up, 318
 Lion whelp, 98
 Living soul, 800
 Lizard, 597
 Look to, 458
 Long bounden, 640, 865
 Long sufferance, 467
 Lumber, 16

M

Made himself theirs, 331
 Man in-God, 186
 Market-cross, 96

*
May (month), 57
Metaphors, 191, 220, 222, 828
Mist-blotted, 676
Mist-wreathen, 628, 865
Moment, 243
Moulder'd, 4
Mystery, 186

N

Native cavern, 556
Nature symbolism, 568, 668
Needs, 180
Nestlike, 58
Nightmare, 114
Now (particle), 260

O

Observation of Nature, 130,
179, 376, 568 595, 799
Ocean spoil, 93
Offing, 131
Open'd, 103
Order'd, 177
Osier, 93
Out of, 343

P

Passive ear, 349
Peacock yewtree, 99
Portal-warding, 98
Presentiment, 175
Pretéxt, 338
Promise bounden, 865
Prone, 67, 370, 775
Propt, 689
Provincialisms, 803, 843
Puny, 196

R

Rang, 175
Rear'd, 747
Reluctant, 378
Repetition, 588
Rhythm, 1, 80, 267, 509, 528,
572, 580, 608, 613, 674, 782

Ridging, 525
Ring (child's), 746
Ring (marriage), 157
Ringing of his ears, 609
Robin, 672
Roller, 21
Rough-redden'd, 95
Ruddy square, 722
Running on, 201
Running wild, 303

S

Sacred fields, 621
Sacred fire, 71
Sea circle, 538
Sea friend, 168
Sea haze, 666
Seaman's glass, 215
Seaward gazing, 554, 585
Sea worthy, 652
Seedling, 179
Sermonizing, 204
Serpent eggs, 477
Shadow of mischance, 128
Sharp as reproach, 485
Shingle, 733
Shipshape, 220
Shrill'd, 175
Sign, 487
Silver (=plate), 738
Smiles, 268, 724, 825
So you will, 506
Solitary, 633
Sortes Biblicae, 491
Staid, 112
Stinted commerce, 813
Stranding, 548
Street ward, 170
Stronger made, 30
Struck a light, 490
Style, 55, 568, 588, 606, 613
Suddenly, 492
Suggestive reticence, 78
Sun stricken, 566
Sweet water, 638, 799
Swimming eyes, 322

T

Tameness, natural, 552
 Tall tower'd, 5
 Timber-crost, 688
 Threshold, 334
Trade Winds, 531
 Tranced, 789
 Truth 467
 Tumble, 528
 Turn and turn about, 29

U

Uncertain, 353
 Uncertain years, 412
Unconscious prophecies 36,
 193, 212

Updrawn, 18
 Uttermost, 46

V

Voice, 265

W

Wall, 313
 Waste, 304
 Weary down, 369
 Weather beaten, 70
 Weather'd, 135.
 Well to do 310
 Wherewithal, 297
 Whistled 340
 Wiser, 430
 Working bee, 363

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